

MCGILL DAILY

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by gene allen

Students protest nuclear test

About 150 McGill students marched to the U.S. consulate yesterday afternoon to present a petition against the proposed Amchitka nuclear bomb test.

The demonstration was organized by the Engineering branch of the Academic Activities Committee. Doug Amos, a spokesman for the organizers, said the purpose of the march was "not to beg, but to express our anger and hatred for Nixon and American imperialism".

Students congregated on the Union steps around 12:30 for a rally. "The Amchitka blast is a symbol of constant U.S. preparation for war and threats of aggression", Amos said. He pointed out Nixon's complete disregard for massive public opinion against the test.

The students marched through the campus, back up McTavish, and along McGregor St. to the consulate with an escort of four motorcycle police. The marchers carried signs saying "Oppose Amchitka" and "Down with American imperialism", and

shouted "Stop Amchitka" and "Nixon assassin".

The consulate was guarded by ten Montreal police carrying riot sticks and wearing helmets. The students marched back and forth in front of the consulate shouting slogans.

A Brinks security guard said all the consular employees were out to lunch, but consul-in-charge Schute finally appeared at the door to receive the petitions. They will be forwarded to the American Embassy in Ottawa, and then sent to the U.S. State Department.

Schute said that "Nixon does not live in a vacuum". He also commended the demonstrators for their "good manners and deportment".

The students then marched back to the campus, still with the motorcycle escort, and then dispersed.

Earlier yesterday, a confrontation between police and demonstrators was expected because there was no permit for the march. However, a permit was obtained before the march began.

by jamal shamsie

Sir George library workers to press demands

Negotiations between the Sir George Williams University administration and striking library employees were resumed Tuesday, after a deadlock lasting almost three months.

The library employees are being represented in the nine-month old strike by the National Union of Sir George Williams University Employees, which is affiliated with the Confederation of National Trade Unions (CNTU).

At the end of yesterday's session, Bernd Scheitterlein, one of the three negotiators for the union, felt that there was no sign of any settlement, because the administration had failed to see the workers' viewpoint.

Negotiations began in February this year, and have been deadlocked twice because of the impossibility of any agreement between the Union and the administration.

Now the administration has presented wage proposals which Scheitterlein describes as an attempt to "buy off our members".

No agreement has been possible on the other major clauses of the Union demands.

The union feels that certain basic rights of the library workers must be recognised and accepted by the administration before wages and social benefits can be discussed.

These basic rights which the union considers important include:

- recognition of the union as the sole and exclusive bargaining agent.
- insurance of the existence of the union, by making Union membership compulsory for all future employees.
- rights for employees to be able to use the grievance and arbitration procedure, if felt necessary.
- assurance that all future promotions will be made on a seniority basis, rather than through arbitrary preference.
- maintenance of the present rights of all employees, in addition to those agreed upon in the new contract.
- agreement on a six month maternity leave, during which an employee would retain all her acquired rights.

Scheitterlein claimed that his Union feels that although they have made counter wage proposals, negotiations on wages would really not be possible un-

til the other basic rights are agreed upon.

Recently library workers at two other Montreal universities have also expressed dissatisfaction with wages and working conditions. At the Université de Montréal, the workers have received a pay-hike, as part of the collective agreement resulting from the recent month-long strike of the U de M non-teaching personnel.

Other benefits obtained by the U de M library employees included job security after one year of employment, and eight months maternity leave at two-thirds pay.

Similar concern about present and future personnel policies and working conditions have also led to the formation of an Association of Library Assistants at McGill.

The newly formed Association of Teaching Assistants at McGill University (ALAMU) hopes to secure a voice in the administration for the Library Assistants.

At last count, membership of ALAMU numbered 204, which represents 71% of the Library Assistants in McGill libraries.

A constitution for ALAMU is under preparation, and Serge Vaisman and Howard Norden, temporary office-holders of the association are working on defining its long term objectives.

An association of McGill Librarians, AMUL, already exists and has a strong membership.

Norden hopes that these associations will eventually be able to serve the basic functions of a union, as hopes for the formation of a Union of McGill library employees seem to have dwindled.

Continued on page 3

MARTIN BRACEY

There will be a demonstration today in support of Martin Bracey and the other co-defendants in the SGWU trials. Student Union, 5 pm.

AMCHITKA

There will be a protest against the Amchitka bomb on Saturday. The march will begin from St-Louis Square at 2 pm and will end with a rally at Dominion Square.



daily photo by mary rozestraten

MCGILL STUDENTS yesterday marched to the American consulate on McGregor to protest against the Amchitka blast scheduled for Saturday. Demonstrators shouted "Death to American Imperialism", "Nixon Assassin" and "Stop Amchitka" while picketing the consulate. They also presented a statement expressing their opposition to the U.S. policies of war and aggression.

LEAN AND HUNGRY/BY GEORGE KOPP



TODAY

STUDENT MOVEMENT:

Demonstration to show solidarity with Martin Bracey and the other SGWU defendants. Union, 5 pm.

MIDDLE EAST TEACH-IN: Balfour declaration, the Palestine resistance movement and future options. University Center Ballroom, 7:30 pm.

NEWMAN CENTER: Mass, 5:30 pm. Supper (75c), 6 pm. Wine and cheese party, 8:30 pm. 3484 Peel.

CHINESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY: Basketball. Sir Arthur Currie Gym, 7 pm. First social gathering. Union 307, 8 pm (free).

GAMMA PHI BETA SOCIETY: Post-rush lunch for all interested girls. 3448A Peel, 12-2.

COMMITTEE TO REPEAL ABORTION LAWS: Open meeting. B26-27, 1:30 pm.

EXACT PHILOSOPHY SYMPOSIUM: Symposium on problems, methods and goals of exact philosophy. International list of speakers. 9-12 am, 2-6 pm.

CONSUMER PROTECTION PROGRAM: Meeting. Union 327, 1 pm.

MALAYSIAN SINGAPORE STUDENTS' Association: Open meeting to vote on proposed constitutional change. Extremely urgent. L26, 7-10:30.

ITALIAN SOCIETY: Important meeting. New members welcome. B23-24, 1 pm.

AFRICAN STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION: You've got to see the new and dynamic course of action. Leacock 219, 7 pm.

CHESS CLUB: The club is alive. Come down and we'll prove it. B24, 2-4.

KAPPA ALPHA THETA: Lunch for all interested girls. 546 Milton no. 2, 12-2.

UKRAINIAN CLUB: Konopli Pub Disco; music, dancing, beer (4/\$1). Coffee Lounge, 8-1. Everyone welcome, admission 75c.

PRE-MED INFO: Rap with med

students. McIntyre Med 620, 12-1.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE ORGANIZATION: Rap with Christian Science students. Union lobby table, 12-2. Free literature.

COMMUNITY MCGILL: Buddies needed for patients in Douglas Psychiatric Hospital. Union 414, 11-3. 392-8980.

OUTING CLUB: Party, open to all members; please bring records. Union 457-458, 8:30 pm.

MUSIC FACULTY WIND ENSEMBLE: Concert. Redpath Hall, 8:30 pm. Free.

ALPHA OMICRON PI: All girls invited to lunch. 3570 University, 12-2.

ALPHA GAMMA DELTA: Fondue for all interested girls. 3563 University no. 10, 12-2.

FILM SOCIETY: Big Broadcast of 1958, You're Telling Me; both with W. C. Fields. L132, 7 and 9:30 pm. 50c or series tickets.

FREE TELEGRAM SERVICE: Via Amateur Radio. Blanks available at Union Box Office.

PRE-MED SOCIETY: Dr. D. Elkin, Cosmetic and Plastic Surgery. Deadline for executive applications. McIntyre Francis Seminar Room (enter thru library 3rd floor), 1 pm.

ISA: All foreign students wishing to record Xmas greetings via shortwave radio to Africa, Asia, West Indies, please register with us. B40, 12-1.

DEBATING UNION: Hyde Park on McGill financial crisis, staff cuts; Prof. Hal Waller. L219, 1-2 pm.

IRANIAN STUDENTS' ASSN: Historical roots of liberation movements in Iran. Discussion will be held in Persian. Union 123-124, 8 pm.

INDIAN STUDENTS' ASSN: Student-teacher get-together. Union 327, 7 pm.

SATURDAY

FILM SOCIETY: Saturday night special, Fireman's Ball. PSCA, 7 and 9:30 pm. 50c.

FREE TELEGRAM SERVICE: Via Amateur Radio. Blanks available at Union Box Office.

COMITE QUEBECOIS CONTRE la guerre d'Indochine: Rally at Dominion Square. St-Louis Square, 2 pm. Permit granted.

FIGURE SKATING CLUB: Instruction program and inter-collegiate team practice. Wjneer Stadium, 10 am.

WOMEN'S CURLING: Curling for women today. Heather Club (24 Cleve Road), 1-4.

WATERSHOW: Free—presenting Canadian champions and McGill Marlinettes. Currie pool, 7:30 pm.

MEN'S CURLING CLUB: Leagues continue, be on time. TMR Curling Club, 1 pm.

CHINESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY: Girls' basketball, all welcome. Sir Arthur Currie Gym, 10 am. Film show, Report From China. PSCA, 2 pm.

Mini-Market

These ads may be placed in the advertising office at the University Centre from 10 am to 4 pm. Ads received by noon appear the following day. Rates: 3 consecutive insertions — \$3.00 maximum 20 words. 15 cents per extra word.

FOR SALE

4 MICHELIN — X, Radial tires. Practically new. 165-380 (165-15), good as summer and winter tires. \$100. Call 453-1847.

VOLKSWAGEN 1500: 1963 - have new car, no room to park volks. Unbelievably perfect engine, 2 snow tires. \$150 or best offer. Tel 473-6163.

VOLKSWAGEN KARMAN GHIA - 1966, European model, in fine-working order although the body is less than it was \$250.00, 288-2055.

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BRAND NEW AFGHAN coat for sale — dark brown, embroidered with lamb-wool lining. Best offer. Phone 486-0458. Ask for Buddy.

SKI BOOTS "Le Trappeur" elite '68 — size 9, excellent condition, also tyrol lace boots, very cheap. Gerry 844-9789, 844-0986.

USED SKIS AND BOOTS, size 6. \$30 or best offer. Phone Sandy 482-0922 anytime after 4.

TODAY FRIDAY, NOV. 5, 7:30 PM.

UNION BALLROOM

MIDDLE-EAST TEACH-IN

Balfour declarations, the Palestinian Resistance Movement and Future Options

- speakers -

- Nasser Aruri — Chairman of the Department of political science, South-Eastern, Mass U.
- Edward Said — Professor of Comparative Literature Columbia University
- Bassam El-Tibi — Professor of Political Science, Frankfurt University

HOUSING

MODERN 2 1/2: In swine/swamper co-op with television, telephone, kitchen facilities. \$100 per month. 3653 University, 842-2073.

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SUBLET APARTMENT Sainte Famille for one quiet person. \$80. Two rooms plus kitchen, bathroom, toilet. Privacy. Phone 288-4639.

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MISCELLANEOUS

IF YOU ARE FROM or going to the U.S. and need a good running 1963 Pontiac, please call 932-6915, 931-4306. Call Saturday.

COUPLE SEEN SUNDAY, Oct. 31, 1:30 P.M., in a burgundy Pontiac, necking like there's no tomorrow. Please report to G.A.N.G.

BADMINTON EXHIBITION — China vs. Canada Nov. 17, 8 P.M. at Maisonneuve sports center. Outstanding Canadians Y. Pare and J. Paulson vs. two best Chinese. Tickets (\$2.00, \$1.00 for students), B. Dubeau, Athletic Dept. 392-4730.

GRADUATES' SOCIETY presents Bambi. Saturday Nov. 13, 10:30 PM, 50 cents, L132.

MCGILL OUTING CLUB: open meeting, slides, refreshments, Tuesday Nov. 9, Union 437/8, 7:30.

ATT: ALL WRITERS, a "cleverism" is a sentence that means more than it seems. We will pay \$2.00 each for cleverisms about pollution which we deem clever. In writing only. Cleverism, 3434 McTavish, Montreal.

MATURE, SERIOUS, skiers, ages 21-38, singles and couples, to complete Eastern Townships ski group. 487-5501 evenings. Mon. to Fri.

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DISCOTHEQUE - Saturday Nov. 6, 9:00 P.M. Disco "Environment" at Lambda Chi Fraternity, 3505 Peel. Guys \$1.00, Girls Free. Beer and hard.

TRUCK YOU! Fast and reasonable too. And you won't be trucked-off about it. Keep on truckin! Vern, 733-7015, 342-1901.

WOULD YOU believe four for a dollar? This Friday, 8 PM, Union Coffee Lounge. Admission 75c.

FLY TO LONDON, McGill Society Xmas flight, Dec. 20 - Jan. 6, \$149.00 info & bookings, phone 935-1025 or write No. 3, 3410 Alwater Ave.

"EDUCATION PLUS" — a Christian Science lecture by Charles Carr, C.S.B., of New York. Monday, Nov. 8 1:00 P.M. — Union 123, 124.

WANTED

HELP! We need part-time staff to sell commercially and privately. Apply for Ronto at McGill Placement Office. Excellent pay.

LEATHER MOTORCYCLE jacket, size 42, sissy bars (combination backrest and rack) variety of other accessories. Phone Bob 5PM - 12PM, 933-9511.

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LOST

NOTES FOR INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS Course (Professor Wright) in Arts Building (W-125); if found, please phone Brian: 721-0816 (evenings).

WEEKEND CONFERENCE OF SYNCHRONIZED SWIMMERS

On Friday, Saturday and Sunday McGill will host the 16th Conference of the Association of Synchronized Swimming for Colleges and Universities. Lest laissez-faire thinking be forgotten, "Your Thing" is the theme of planned workshops and demonstrations. The Conference will bring together swimmers from McGill, York, Guelph, University of Toronto, Queen's Vassar and Brandeis among others. A public demonstration is to take place at the Currie pool, Saturday at 7:30 pm.

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OTTAWA (CUP)—With the approach of the detonation of the five megaton Cannikin test blast on Amchitka Island Saturday, a wave of protest marches, demonstrations, vigils, telegrams, and letters has inundated Canadian city halls, American consulates, border crossings and Washington's White House.

Many of the protests have seen strange coalitions of old and young, state politicians and radicals, straights and freaks, right wingers and left wingers—all calling on one man, Richard Nixon, to stop the test explosion in the Aleutian Islands.

In Victoria Wednesday, 3,000 university and high school students left classes for a rainy protest against the bomb at the American consulate.

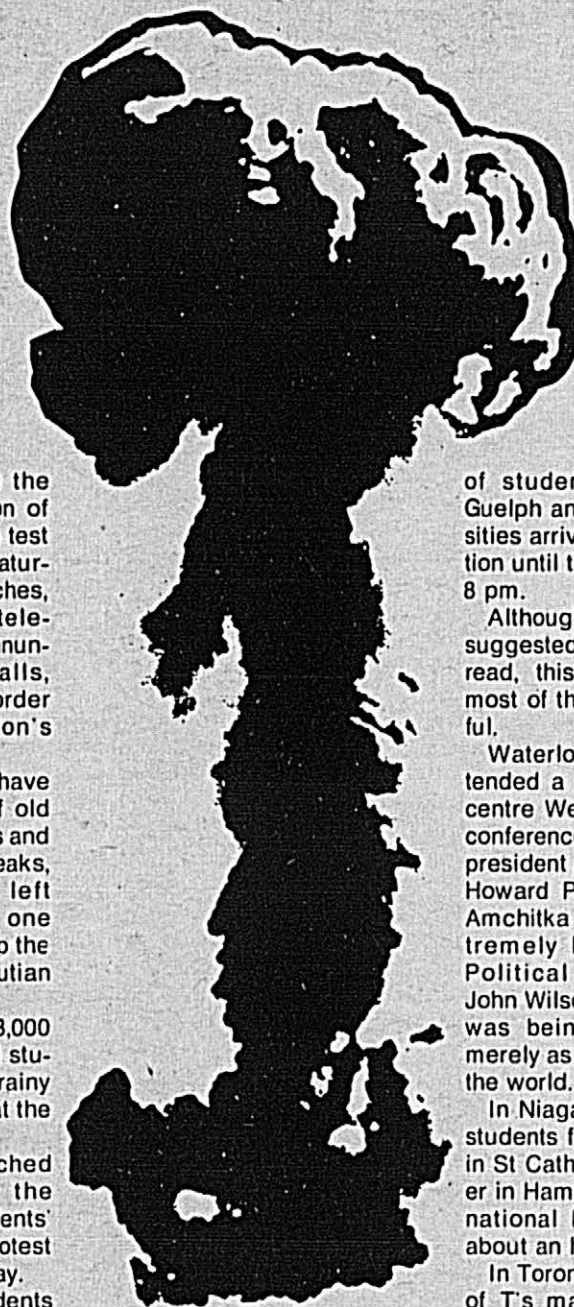
In Calgary, 1,500 marched Wednesday night, and the University of Alberta Students' Council has called for a protest boycott of classes on Friday.

In Saskatoon, 4,000 students turned out for a Wednesday march through the city. The administration of the University of Saskatchewan cancelled their classes to enable students to attend. The school board also arranged for the attendance of high school students without academic penalty.

In Winnipeg where the University had also cancelled some of its classes, about 2,500 persons in an unusual show of militancy, pelted the U.S. consulate with snowballs smashing one window.

In Sarnia, 2,000 London and Sarnia students were joined by 600 more from Waterloo, Hamilton and Guelph. They blocked the Blue Water Bridge Wednesday afternoon and evening in anger at Saturday's nuclear test.

Demonstrators from



of students from Waterloo, Guelph and McMaster universities arrived to take up the action until they too went home at 8 pm.

Although Sarnia officials had suggested that the riot act be read, this demonstration, like most of the others, was peaceful.

Waterloo students also attended a rally at their student centre Wednesday. At a press conference later, U of W vice president and nuclear physicist Howard Petch stated that the Amchitka test would prove extremely little scientifically. Political Science professor John Wilson added that the test was being used by the US merely as a show of strength to the world.

In Niagara Falls, about 1,500 students from Brock University in St Catharines and McMaster in Hamilton closed the International Rainbow Bridge for about an hour and a half.

In Toronto, students turned U of T's main arts and science building into a "peace action centre" Wednesday as they began a series of rallies and marches against the Amchitka blast.

Following a noon hour rally, about 400 students began a march to the US consulate to join approximately 5,000 students from York University, Ryerson Polytechnic and Toronto high schools.

They proceeded from there to Queen's Park, seat of the provincial government where they were met by provincial NDP leader Steven Lewis who congratulated them on the orderliness of their demonstration. He suggested such demonstrations should continue "until the Pentagon establishment has finally regained whatever sanity it has left."

Fanshawe and Lambton community colleges, the University of Western Ontario and Sarnia and London high school students arrived shortly before noon carrying placards and singing O Canada.

Officials on the Canadian side closed the bridge to traffic, as students blocked the road at the half-way point. Against the urging of student police and speakers, about 500 protestors stormed the American customs gate where they sat down to chant anti-American songs.

Student cops were shouted down when they tried to get people back to the buses, but when the vehicles' imminent departure was announced, the crowd boarded peaceably.

As the London and Sarnia delegation departed, busloads

Library . . .

Continued from page 1

Meanwhile the SGWU Library Employees Union has given the administration 24 hours to come up with more acceptable proposals. A general meeting

of the unionized library workers has been called for tonight, to discuss the latest position.

According to Scheitlerlein, the administration has cited a decrease in student enrollment and the limited size of the university's operating budget as excuses for its inability to meet union demands.

He feels that the administration has "to be pressured into

laying all their cards on the table", and considers an escalation of the issue into a total strike very possible.

A full-fledged strike of the SGWU library workers would seriously affect library services at the university. Services at the SGWU libraries have been maintained until now, though there have been cuts in service hours since October 23.

MCGILL DAILY

The McGill Daily is published five times a week by the Students' Society of McGill University, 3480 McTavish Street, Montreal 112. Editorial opinions expressed in these pages are not necessarily the official opinions of the Students' Society.

The McGill Daily is a sustaining subscriber of l'Agence Presse Libre du Québec, a subscriber to Liberation News Service and a member of Canadian University Press. Editorial offices: 392-8955. Advertising office: 392-8902.

Editor: Tom Sorell
Advertising Manager: Victor Loewy

From the people who bring you Amchitka

At the Geneva Disarmament conference, attended this Summer by 25 Nations, the US and the USSR jointly tabled a proposal that would ban the stockpiling and use of biological weapons. They failed, however, to discuss the question of chemical warfare, leaving in effect the Geneva Protocol of 1925 as the paramount treaty covering this particular issue. The fact that chemical weapons are presently in use whilst biological weapons are not explains the desire of the US to discuss only controls on the latter, for that nation is the main employer of these hazardous chemicals.

Nevertheless, the '25 Protocol, bearing the signature now of 96 nations, calls for a total ban on the use of both biological and chemical weapons. Lest there be any uncertainty concerning interpretation of the Protocol the appropriate passage enforcing a prohibition on "asphyxiating, poisonous or other gasses and . . . all analogous liquids, materials or devices" was recently re-examined by the United Nations. The General Assembly (Dec 1969), passing the resolution by a vote of 80 to 3 with 36 abstentions, unambiguously defined the use of *any* chemicals in war as contrary to the Protocol.

Included among the votes cast in opposition was that of the US, which nation, due to pressure from the chemical industry, failed to ratify the treaty in 1925 and has since not rectified the situation, whilst the abstentions included Canada and most countries of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation.

In order to understand why the UN recognised a need for the total ban on chemical weapons one need only explore the record of the Indo-China war. Here the US has steadily increased both the quantity and toxicity of herbicides and riot control agents to a point where their policy is tantamount to waging chemical warfare.

According to George Bunn, an official in the Johnson administration, herbicides were originally used "to control weeds and other uncultivated crops." Within a decade, however, their use was extended to the dimensions of a full scale operation with some chemicals in use at higher concentrations than allowed in the US, and other chemicals in use which are completely banned in the US. The result of this programme has included large scale destruction of forests and agricultural land both in terms of present and future use, and the reported births of many deformed babies. The programme has succeeded in forcing a rice growing country to import rice and caused immeasurable suffering mainly to the civilians of South Vietnam who are supposedly allies of the US.

The riot control agents used in Vietnam range in the severity of their effects. Among the more hazardous chemicals is one used frequently, a gas called CS. This chemical, more poisonous than chlorine, is capable of undergoing metabolism to cyanide in the human body, and is already known to be responsible for the death, blindness or maiming of many individuals. It is not known what concentration of this gas constitutes a lethal dose, but it is known

to be far more dangerous to children and adults suffering heart and lung disorders. This chemical is not merely a riot control agent, it is undoubtedly a highly toxic and non-selective chemical weapon. Though the US has agreed with the views of Canada that *harrassing* agents are acceptable whilst *incapacitating* agents are unacceptable, the repeated use of CS clearly indicates the inability or unwillingness of that Government to understand and conform to the limitations spelled out in such a policy.

Riot control agents were initially used in South Vietnam for humanitarian reasons of, as the name implies, civilian riot control. Dean Rusk, Secretary of State in 1965, stated "We do not expect that gas will be used in ordinary military operations." By 1969, however, this policy had changed, for, as explained by a spokesman for the Defense Department, riot control agents had become standard military equipment. The reaction of the US Administration to the UN resolution can be seen in the remarks of Secretary of State William P. Rogers who said, "We think it (tear gas) is more humane than napalm or other methods of warfare" and it will continue to be used at a "level to be determined by the relevant military and economic considerations." At the same time Assistant Secretary of Defense Nutter was ex-

plaining that "it is the firm opinion of our military that the use of riot control agents has been a very important factor in avoiding unnecessary suffering."

What these gentlemen failed to point out, for all their concern about suffering and humanity, was the manner in which the gasses are used. They are used to drive the enemy out of cover so that he can be demolished by conventional weapons. This is hardly more humane than other methods of killing, particularly in view of the fact that many VC now possess gas masks with the result that the only people demolished by the ensuing attack are innocent civilians. Concern for alleviation of suffering is clearly an extremely one sided concept, excluding even the civilian allies of the US. With such an attitude it is easy for the US to justify the use of over 20 million pounds of chemicals in terms of "saving American lives."

Such an attitude, however, will need modification, for now the VC have begun using chemical weapons to prevent suffering to their army. It will be interesting to see whether the US feels the causes of humanity are best served by the use of chemical agents against American GIs.

The increase in the use of chemicals was accompanied by an increase in the toxicity of the chemicals used, to the ex-

tent that the programme bears all the earmarks of a chemical war. The way has been opened for a rapid increase in the quantity and toxicity of chemicals used by both sides of the conflict, all of which will fall under the protective guise of 'humanitarian considerations'.

It is interesting to note that the highly toxic chemical CS has been used by the US Government to disperse peace demonstrations, and by the British Government to control riots in Londonderry. The spectacle of such nations using weapons to control civilian disturbances which are banned from use in international conflict, presents an anomalous and distressing picture.

Clearly, it is impossible to draw a line between chemicals of more or less danger and legislate against the use of those above certain strengths with any expectation that such legislation could be enforced. The only way to prevent the massive environmental catastrophe and the immense human suffering caused by chemical weapons is to enforce a total ban, a position accepted by the United Nations.

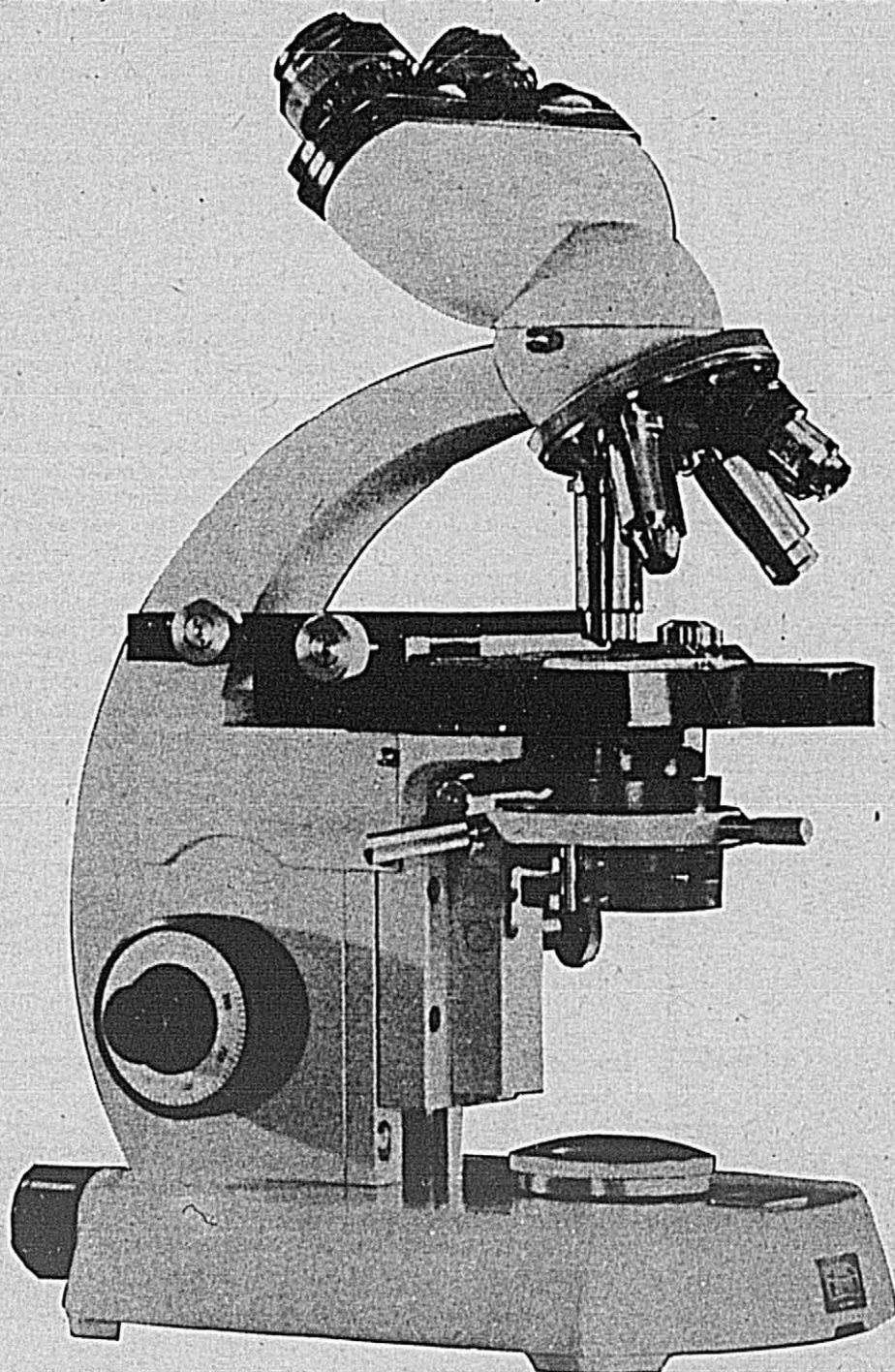
The Nixon Administration, nevertheless, has expressed a desire to have the US Senate ratify the '25 Protocol with an American reservation excluding from consideration non-lethal chemicals. The attitude is demonstrated by the remarks of William Rogers before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. "It is the US understanding of the Protocol that it does not prohibit the use in war of riot control agents and chemical herbicides. Smoke, flame and napalm are also not covered by the Protocol." Referring to the Protocol further Rogers naively explained, "No-one was talking about protection of plants, they were talking about protection of people."

In February 1970 the British Foreign Secretary stated that the chemical CS was to be regarded not as a tear gas or poison gas which are banned by the Protocol, but as a screening smoke which is not banned. Some months later Members of Parliament were able to judge for themselves the accuracy of this observation when two grenades of CS were thrown into the House. A committee appointed by the Foreign Secretary is now analysing the position.

Though Pierre Trudeau stated in 1969, "No single international activity . . . rates higher priority . . . than the pursuit of effective arms control and arms limitation agreements," Canadian spokesmen at the 1970 Geneva conference, referring to the 1925 Protocol, persevered with the illusion that "tear gas and other riot control agents are not included." An Executive Assistant to the Secretary of State indicated in August, however, that Canada has not yet come to a decision on the inclusion or exclusion of riot control agents and herbicides in the Geneva Protocol of 1925.

The three major western powers hold opinions inconsistent with those of the United Nations General Assembly, an exceedingly dangerous position considering the influence of these three countries throughout the world. Unless Canada wishes to hold joint responsibility with the other two nations for undermining this treaty and opening the way for a massive chemical arms race, this Government should declare, unreservedly, its support for the position endorsed by the 80 members of the United Nations.

A. Journal

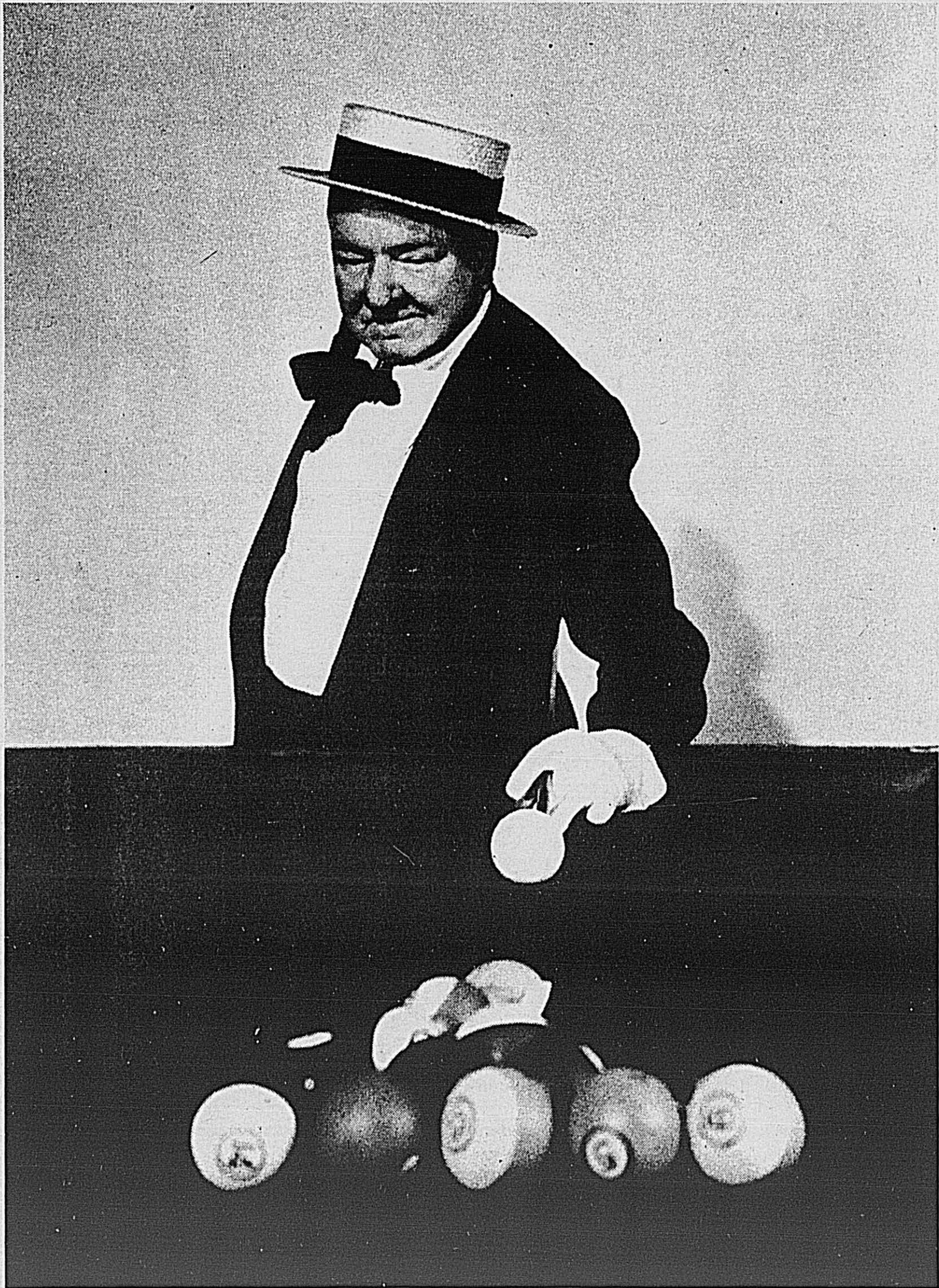


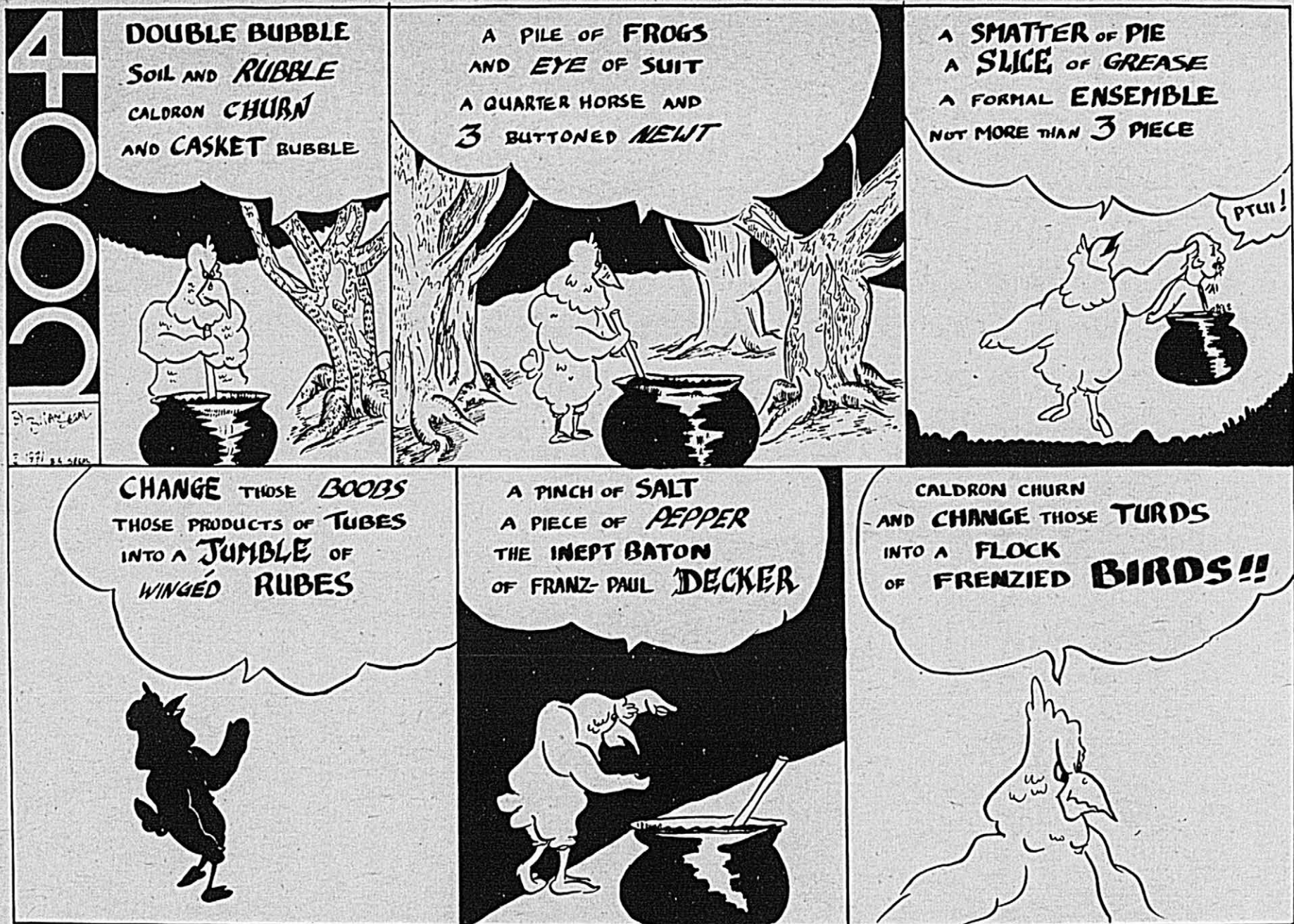
A. Journal is a graduate student in the department of entomology at MacDonald College.

the Lower Canada Review

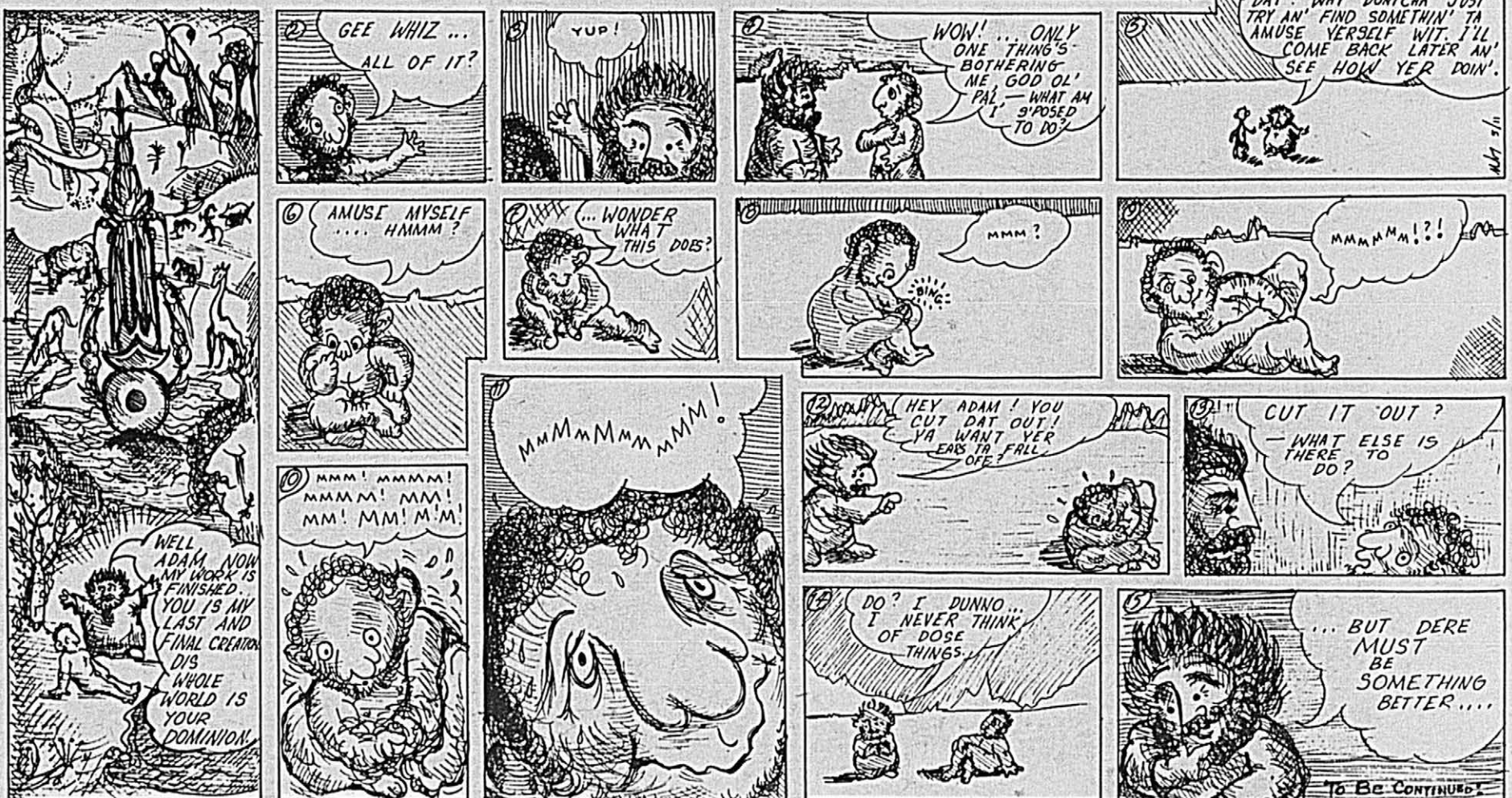
of Arts and Politics

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1971





THE NEW, UNEXPURGATED ADVENTURES OF GOD © 1971 MARC NERENBERG



The LCRAP is the weekly supplement of the McGill Daily.
All contributions are welcome — graphics, poetry and prose.
Our address is 3480 McTavish, rm B41; phone: 392-8921

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par céline benoit

La noirceur s'étend dans la salle du Gesù. Les chuchotements et les craquements chez le public s'atténuent pour laisser le coassement des grenouilles nous envahir. La nuit de mai de 1957 s'impose lourde de son mystère. Au loin s'allume le pointillée des lumières de la ville. Soudain le fils Fernand, lassé et impatient, s'avance sur la scène et laisse bruyamment tomber un pneu à réparer. *Le Cri de l'engoulement* de Guy Dufresne nous a saisi dès le début.

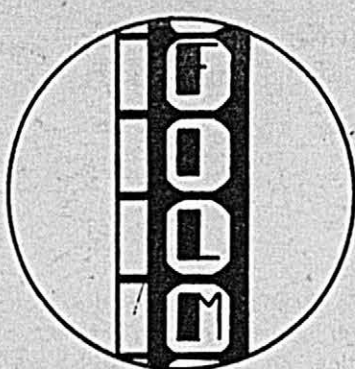
La mise en scène intelligente de Gilles Pelletier, la vérité de l'interprétation des personnages, les trouvailles de l'éclairagiste, celles du décorateur et celles du bruiteur se sont unies pour être à la hauteur de

cette oeuvre forte et passionnée.

Créée en 1960 à la Comédie Canadienne et reprise l'année suivante à la télévision de Radio-Canada sous le titre de *Chemin privée*, la pièce a été profondément remaniée depuis par l'auteur et publiée dans sa version nouvelle chez Leméac; c'est cette version que présente la Nouvelle Compagnie Théâtrale.

L'intérêt du public est maintenu jusqu'à la fin. L'entrée en scène de chacun des personnages augmente la tension entre ceux-ci. Tous possèdent un caractère bien défini, chargé de son passé. L'affrontement est violent. C'est l'heure où les masques tombent mais non sans heurts. L'équipe de la NCT a insisté sur la violence physique sur scène. Fernand bouscule durement sa soeur Gabrielle. A la fin, le père apparaît avec une lourde chaîne qu'il tournoie au-dessus de sa tête en hurlant. Cette violence physique sur la scène impressionne mais ne me semble pas nécessaire pour rester fidèle à la pièce de Guy Dufresne.

Préparé spécialement pour le public étudiant, ce premier spectacle de la saison à la N.C.T. sera présenté au Gesù du 12 octobre au 1er décembre. A ne pas manquer.



Gone With the Wind
at the Monkland
admission \$2.25

by pat hobby

If it ticks you off that you can't understand half the films made last year, don't sweat it. It's not your fault, and you're not alone. Nor is it last year's fault. Most films made any year don't make sense.

One of the nice things about *Gone With the Wind* is you can't possibly misunderstand it.

The pretty pictures are another nice thing. There are vast panoramas of Southern plantations, of town and country mansions that'll take your breath away. Atlanta burns before your eyes. All in gorgeous technicolor. And Lawdy, some of the neat things you get to see with all that fancy camera work.

If this film were silent there'd be plenty to look at, but it's not silent, and there's plenty to listen to: Max Steiner's score; Ben Hecht's dialogue; explosions; galloping horses; groaning wounded; and Southern belle's empty sighs.

It's cool to be tough when you go to see this flick. But it's more fun to cry buckets. Bring two or three handkerchiefs with you; there's lots of death, misery and love gone wrong. Yet for all as goopy as the story is, you end up swallowing it hook, line and sinker the acting's so good. I feel sorry for any guys who aren't moved by Scarlett's change from a whiny, manipulating, little brat to a woman whose heart is made of gold... dust.

Making *Gone With the Wind* was an enormous job, still only poorly understood. It was three years in production. It cost \$4,000,000. It went through three directors, two script writers, five cameramen and three designers — every one of them top men in their fields. It was an assembly line project, but one that went right. The man most responsible for its success, D. W. Griffith, had no direct contact with the film. He made film an industry in Hollywood. With-

out such a structure to support it, *Gone With the Wind*, which in conception and execution was too large a task for any one man, would have sunk under its own weight.

Industrial art may strike you as a paradox — like army intelligence, which couldn't possibly exist — but *Gone With the Wind* is an industrial product and as beautiful a film as you'll see any day.

Unfortunately, there was a problem with the industry. Though efficient and effective, it stank to high heaven. Didn't matter who put up the money, the industrial executives making films in the '30's were a tight clique of bigots. "No outsiders welcome thank you. We know what's best for the public to see." So racism rears its ugly head in *Gone With the Wind*. Not that the ultimate director, Victor Fleming, authoress Margaret Mitchell or screenplay writers Sidney Howard and Ben Hecht were racists. They merely started with the premise that North American civilization saw its finest moments in the antebellum South and worked the logical consequences into their tale of romance.

Gone With the Wind was the birth of modern Hollywood film industry, the realization of Griffith's master plan. It may be Hollywood's death too. Since 1939 every producer and director has wanted to make "another *Gone With the Wind*." The expense this mad wish entailed, and the way it froze out new ideas for almost thirty years crippled Hollywood. Historic import makes *Gone With the Wind* a museum piece as well as a damn fine tear jerker.

Added fun in going to this movie is you don't have to stand in line saying, "Groovy," "Wow," "I'm hip," "Ego trip," "Outta sight." You can just listen to the other people in line saying, "Twenty-three skidoo," "Oh, you kid," "The cat's pajamas."

**I like it best inside
when it's cold outside
when the windows freeze
and the white wind blows
so safe near the fire's glow
your touch so soft and warm
the sounds of feathers falling**

t.c.v.



by pat rozenberg
and sandi meland

LES CAVES DES MOINES

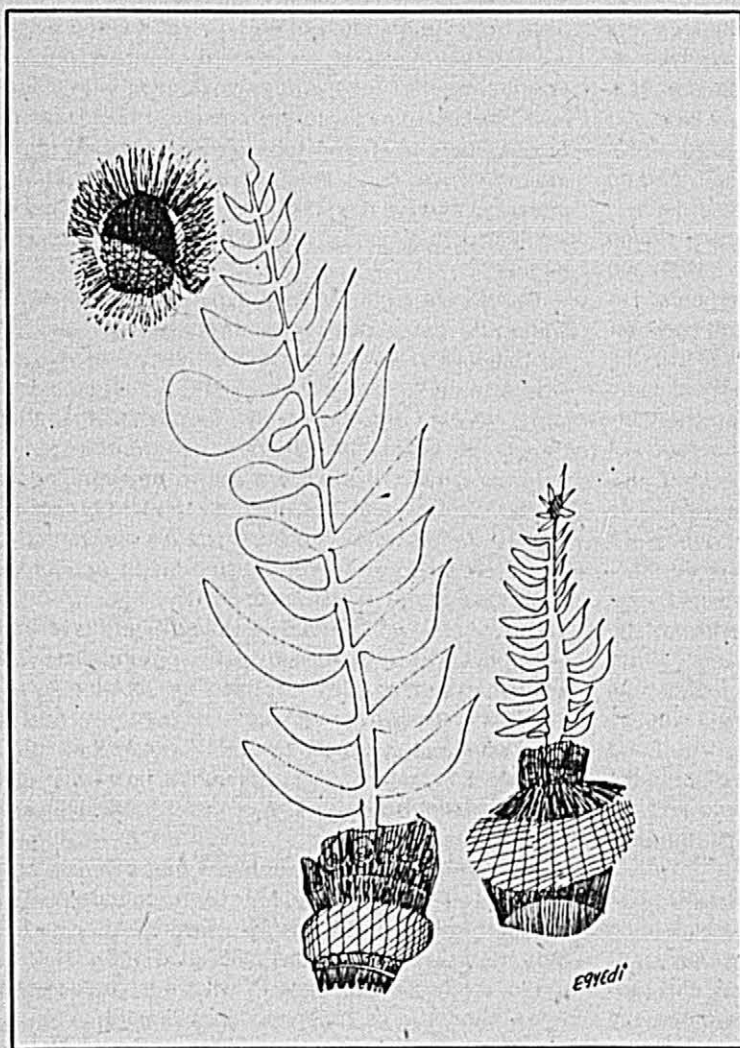
Carved into swinging Saturday-night St-Denis St. are the quaint, quiet wine cellars of Les Caves des Moines at 1250 St-Denis (near St-Catherine East). Entrance is down, through a dark, arched brick tunnel where guests are 'inspected' through a little window in a huge oak door and then ushered into the "à la 16th century" caves by monk-clad waiters.

Here, not to be outdone by the "Singing Nuns", the ingenious Brothers offer the "Singing Monks", on accordion and guitar. Here too, we found hand-kissing, old world charm, floor-stamping French Canadian folk dancing, and a modest wine list of choice (and lousy-choice, as we were soon to discover) vintage.

The atmosphere of Les Caves des Moines is intimate... dim, low ceilinged, the small round tables pressed close together. However, when the singing monks get going, the place starts to swing with couples crowding every inch of floor space. Monks weave their way with bottles of wine from table to table, adding a unique touch to this night spot — very nice for romantic sorts!

Prices are moderate. Entrance charge is \$0.65. The wine list rises from around \$6.00 to about \$12.00 a bottle. It offers a choice of the best — Beaujolais, Chablis, Dubonnet, etc. However, half bottles can be ordered at half the price — we had the cheapest at \$3.25 (Medoc red wine) which tasted like 1971 fermented vinegar! The food menu offers tasty morsels such as clam chowder (at \$1.00) and a half dozen oysters (at \$1.75).

For those who are interested in a rollicking French-Canadian soirée, which can turn out to be as moderately priced as sixty-five cents a head plus three dollars a bottle (depending on the company), Les Caves Des Moines will prove to be just the place!



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A Letter from Jerusalem by A. Boyarsky

The Bishop Street Magician by Tom Konyves

Demos by Ron Blumer

Reviews by Céline Benoit, Pat Hobby, Sandy Meland,
and Pat Rozenberg

A Letter From Jerusalem

by abraham boyarsky

My dear, precious Anna,

May 14, 1971

I received your last letter in five days. Not having to peer over the hump of a week, it felt almost as if you were talking to me. How near you were: I could see you at your little desk, I could see the wooden lamp, with the carved Fisherman at the fore, shedding its pale and fringy light over your arms and neck. Oh, my sweet Annuchka, a week is such a mountain, one can hardly see anything over it.

How the letter caught me by surprise. I had been extremely depressed all day — when I finally returned to my room, it hardly seemed possible that a letter of yours would be awaiting me, since I had received one only three days earlier. Still, out of habit, I trudged up to the mailbox, stuck my fingers into the slit, felt something, but removed my hand, my thoughts being far away, and began to ascend the stairs to my room. Half way up, it suddenly occurred to me that there was a letter in the mailbox. I jumped down the stairs, scuffled with my loop of keys, finally unglued the tiny silver key from my sweaty fingers and opened the box. And I wasn't disappointed — there you were for me to press to my lips and crush in my arms.

How neatly and uniformly you write — it almost looks as though the letter had been typed. What a precious handwriting. And how formal you are my Annuchka: MISTER DAVID FRIEDMAN, all in capital letters. Why the MISTER? I laugh everytime I see it. I'm not a MISTER — I'm Duvy.

As I stood there in the dim passageway clutching your letter, a host of wonderful memories swarmed over me. Dreamily, I carried my precious prize upstairs. That was an hour ago, Sunday night — it's after midnight now. I have so much to tell you, but your envelope keeps distracting me. It was postmarked Tuesday 5:00 P.M. — that means we're sharing the same week. What a wonderful sensation — I can hardly get over it.

And it came at such a crucial moment: how utterly forlorn I've been feeling these last two days. As soon as I saw your letter, this terrible mood was breached. Your letter saved me, darling Annuchka, no less than a hand reaching out for a drowning man. I thank your kind heart for divining my sorrow. How sweet and sagacious you are my only, my jewel Annuchka. And how beautifully you write — that description of the people on the bus during the rain storm is really quite artistic. You should give more thought to a literary career. Reading your letter, I realized how much I miss you and Montreal. I'm homesick, Anna. Yes, I confess. In three months, we'll be together again. August 19th. I can hardly wait.

Do you remember last August, when we drove up to the Laurentians? It was beautiful, wasn't it? That long walk we took around the lake, the brake where we . . . you remember as well as I, so there's no need for description here. Oh Annuchka, how I miss the greenery, the forests and the lakes. This is such a dry and tawny land; wherever one turns, he sees only rock and sand. And if a scrap of grass does loom up here or there, it's so conspicuous that it pains you to look at it. But my true enemy is the sun; it contorts my face and makes me look mean. It's such an arrogant sun (like the people) that it never ceases to flaunt itself. And no cloud dares impede its course except during the two months of their so-called winter. If I go for a five-minute walk, I end up gasping for air, drenched in sweat, and unless I take a shower and rest for a few hours, I'm totally useless. Here, half one's time is taken up in recovering from excursions into the streets. How the people function, I just cannot understand. I'm convinced this cursed sun has also desiccated the hospitality of all Israelis. I didn't want to write you this before, but now I feel I must: I haven't had one invitation for a Sabbath meal. Can you imagine? Yes, it's true, and I've been here almost nine months. In a Jewish country! It's not as though I've been hiding myself. Quite the contrary — I went out of my way to make friends and meet people. Friendship — Israelis have no conception of the word. They hurl a perfunctory 'shalom' at you and that's the extent of it. Oh my sweet Annuchka, how bitterly disappointed I am with Israel. In the beginning, it was my room, but now that I've finally inured myself to it and can no longer blame it for my discomfort, I discern the real source of my unhappiness — the people and the manner of life! Yet, yet I want to be a Zionist; but they make it so hard.

There are some favourable points — the fresh, clean air, the sense of pride in being a Jew. (I can think of no others.) If I had been able to write well, I might have surmounted everything, but, as I failed in this, my only purpose in coming here, I can see no reason for remaining. Anna, my father was right — the best place to work is at home, in the comfort and security of loved ones. I ask myself now: what was the sense of coming here in the first place? For inspiration? If I was planning to drink the spirit of Jerusalem in the hope that it would raise me to the heights of literature, to Agnon's side, I was only deceiving myself. Can one buy inspiration? That's what I was trying to do. How immature! Even if I had been inspired, which I certainly wasn't, what good is inspiration if one is lonely and homesick? Oh Anna, how I've muddled my life. Father was right — I should have remained in university and completed my degree in Accountancy. Then I could have ventured into literature, with at least a profession to buttress me. Now I have nothing! It's

true my darling — I have nothing and am nothing. How utterly crushed and obliterated I feel. Anna, I'VE DECIDED TO GIVE UP WRITING. The decision is final. It was a terrible mistake. Please, my precious, do not try to dissuade me.

And how hard I worked these last months, how passionately I gave myself to literature. How confident I was of final victory. Oh Annuchka, if only you knew how I suffered with each short story, each paragraph, each word. And how the words resisted, as though they had minds of their own; it was quite a battle. And when it was finally over, when I had paid the price, I blissfully inhaled the scent of true creation. I luxuriated in each page for hours, and very reluctantly stowed the story in my black portfolio, which I hid under the mattress. How proud I was, watching the portfolio expand, little by little. Now and again, I removed the pile of papers, squared it on the surface of my desk, and flicked it in front of my face; I delighted in the cool breeze the stories wafted to me. It was my breeze and each word and comma contributed to it. If I altered a word in a manuscript, the breeze was entirely different — it's quite true Annuchka. Oh how I loved to watch the punctuation marks stirring the air. And all the while, the little heap of papers was growing and growing — last week, I even detected a bulge in the portfolio.

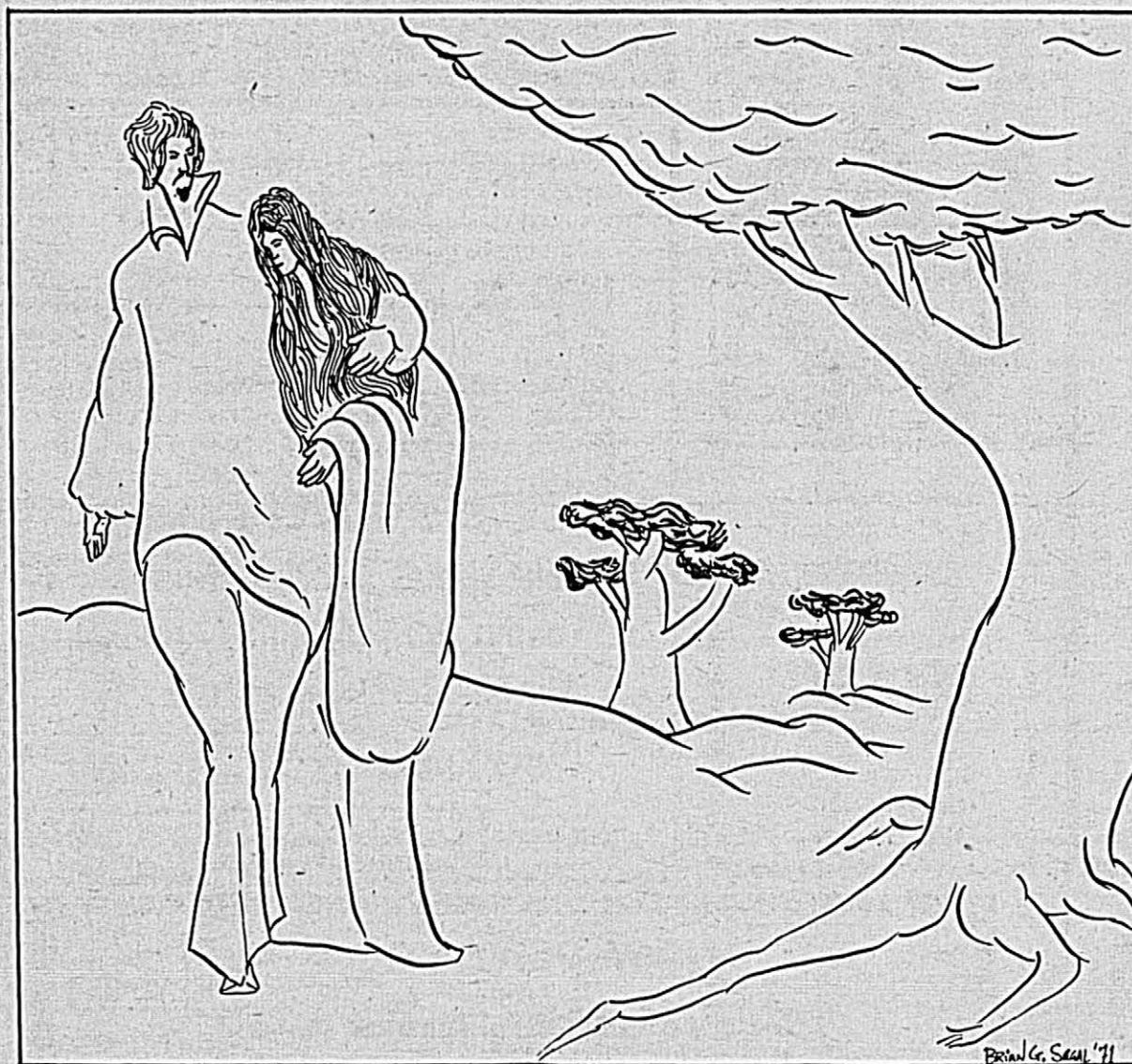
I desired fame and success, but only if I deserved it. Now, nothing matters. Now, all of literature is a platitude; one deep breath of air is worth more than Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy combined. If, in my previous letters, I sounded confident and hopeful about literature and my position with respect to it, it was all delusion, a sham perpetrated by the wretched sun here. Oh Anna, I have no understanding of life — I am dry and withered without having ever blossomed. Forgive my sally! Forgive my life! Forgive my intoxication with myself! I now happily retreat into the prosaic. I no longer have any desire to touch the sublime. Art seems so trivial to me now. We must think of our future together, of marriage and children. Yes, the time has come my darling Annuchka. Oh Anna, how does one become a genius?

There were nights when, touched by my own efforts, I sniffed the sweet odour of premature death, and its intoxication kindled the thought of literary martyrdom. I was determined to die for my work. Kafka did it and so will I; he died at forty — well, I'll do better than that — I'll die at twenty-five. Then it occurred to me that perhaps I hadn't written enough to be regarded as a martyr. So I got out of bed, in the middle of the night, rubbed the drowsiness out of my eyes and fervidly set myself down to work. You mustn't laugh Annuchka — that's how things really were.

I was relatively proud of myself and everything seemed to be progressing well . . . until, last week, when it all suddenly lost its cohesion. Oh Anna, how one incident can turn everything upside down, how one word can destroy a year's work. I learned it all last Friday night. My dear, darling Annuchka, how I wish I were back in Montreal, how I wish that I had never tested myself.

A few months ago, Annuchka, I met a young American poet at the university. My silly arrogance made me mention to him that I was also writing. After he heard that, he urged me relentlessly to give a recital. I resisted for a long time — after all, what did I have to show? A few short stories, hardly polished enough to be read? Finally, two weeks ago, I gave in — I could no longer ward him off. Never have I made such a terrible error in all my years. Now I know why I did it — I wanted corroboration! How vain! Kafka never needed extrinsic corroboration.

I went to the poet's apartment very hopefully; it was my first foray into the literary world and I was determined to make a splash. That it was only Jerusalem, a tiny and peculiar outpost of American culture, didn't detract from the significance of the forthcoming event. Besides myself, there were seven others at the poet's apartment; they formed a semi-circle around me — some sat on stools, others on the floor. There was the poet I mentioned earlier, his fiancée, a boy with a full



beard who was studying literary criticism at the university (I knew him and secretly regarded him as my Max Brod), his girlfriend, another couple, rather undistinguished looking (both were authors), and a strikingly beautiful girl with long blonde hair. She supposedly dabbled in poetry, but she gave one the impression of being very callow, perhaps even retarded. From the moment I entered until it was all over, she never ceased fondling a Siamese kitten she cradled tenderly on her lap. I don't believe she heard a single word I read.

As soon as I began reading, my throat constricted and itched terribly. The light over my shoulder was faint and my stories were typed on such thin paper that the print on the page below showed through and made all the letters float vertiginously before my eyes. My head throbbed and my throat was sore. I was deathly nervous and the words rumbled out of my mouth like so many marbles. Against all these obstacles, I read on. I knew the eyes of the audience were flush upon me, but I didn't dare notice them.

Darling Annuchka, what can I say? It was an utter fiasco! After the first two stories, which I admit were a bit heavy, a number of those present lost interest. Only an air of indifference filled the room. The poet and the critic showed some curiosity, while the eyes of the others roamed the walls for the most part. The blonde girl was engrossed with the kitten. When we rested for coffee, which the genial hostess, the poet's fiancée, passed around, the critic's girlfriend (she had a strange face with a long bumpy nose) declared that I was using words incorrectly. She didn't ask, she declared. I asked her to name the words. But she didn't remember — she just felt it as I was reading. I advised her to read D. H. Lawrence if she wanted to see how words can be used in unusual ways. Her unkind, inconsiderate criticism lashed at my heart as a thousand rejections by editors never could. If only she knew how I suffered with every word. I felt shattered, destroyed, obliterated. My mouth contracted and became painfully dry. Just then it occurred to me that I was really very conceited. What a

fool I'd been! What right did I have summoning others to consider my thoughts? My puerile thoughts!

Why had I come? Was it to impress them? No; I came, at least partially, in the hope that my stories would bring me closer to these people whom I wished to befriend. Instead, my work became a barrier between us. My work had alienated me! A web of terrible impressions pressed itself upon me and I could not shake it off.

I inhaled deeply and kept on reading until I exhausted them. One by one they popped off into complete boredom. But I was unrelenting, and wouldn't be stopped — just punishment for them. After each story, I looked intently at the blonde girl as though I had been reading only for her, to spite the others. I read on and on: since I'd already ruined myself, I'd ruin myself completely. At two in the morning, I felt that I could no longer go on. Wheezing and coughing, I lowered my head and arranged my manuscripts. A few platitudes drifted my way — I ignored them. I was furious with myself and nothing else mattered. As I prepared to leave, the critic's girlfriend, my foremost antagonist, came up to me and said with feigned admiration: "My, but you have such courage." It wasn't intended as a compliment (what courage does it take to write trivia?); rather, it was stated in a tone that might be apt for a non-swimmer trying to cross a lake. I caught the sarcastic look in her eyes. I grimaced, nodded my head ever so slightly, and walked out. At the bottom of the stairs, I discovered that the blonde girl had followed me down, without the kitten. She mechanically crooked her arm about mine and leaned against my shoulder. She had a mischievous smile on her face which disappeared as soon as I looked at her, as though she were afraid of me.

After we had been walking a few minutes, she queried politely: "Where are we going?"

"I'm going to my room," I asserted with a trace of annoyance. As if I hadn't enough to worry about at that moment, I had to be plagued with this child-woman.

(Annuchka, I'm telling you all this, because I know

you won't be jealous — there's nothing to be jealous about.)

"Well, then I'll go with you," she said uncertainly and pressed closer to me.

My mind was so addled, I didn't know what to say. I didn't want to insult her (she seemed to have a problem), so we walked on. I led her away from my room, which was actually close by. We came to a road that skirted a deep valley; down below, a row of pale yellow lamps lit up a footpath. She stopped and placed her other hand on my forearm.

"Do you think I'd make a good mother?" she inquired diffidently, looking down at her shoes. "Being an artist, you're probably a better judge than most people." Her head averted to the valley as she awaited my reply.

"I don't know what to say," I muttered shyly, temporizing, moved by her question. We started walking again, slowly. What was I to tell her? My thoughts were whirling in other spheres. Besides, I didn't even know her. How could I answer her query after having only seen her, sporadically, one evening?

Noting my prevarication, she murmured meaningfully: "I know it's a crude example, but you saw how I was cuddling the cat — do you think it means anything?"

"Yes," I asserted. "It certainly means something," I added, in the hope that it would assuage her anxiety a little.

She walked very heavily, eyes lowered, and I could not suffer her agony, so I averred animatedly: "Every woman can be a good mother!"

These words delighted her.

"Of course!" I exclaimed with high impatience, as if I could never imagine anyone thinking otherwise. She was so happy that she veritably jumped for joy. (Annuchka, there are so many unhappy people in the world and sometimes only a word or two is enough to set them right again.) She requested that I walk her home since she feared the cats that roamed through Jerusalem at night.

"It's their cries that horrify me," she said, her shoulders trembling. "It reminds me of suffering babies."

Heart-broken, destroyed, I accompanied her to her apartment. The sky sparkled vindictively. She invited me in for coffee, but I refused.

"Come and see me whenever you want — I loved your poems," she called from the doorway, and her eyes looked so humid that I nodded in gratitude and walked away. At last, I was alone, free to inspect the shards of my literary career, free to savour my tragedy. I plodded morosely through the deserted night.

Oh Anna, what good is a Max Brod, if I'm not Kafka?

In my dark, cheerless room, I resolved to give up literature. There's no other choice, my darling Anna — I've considered it thoroughly. There is nothing more important to me than to commune with those I respect and admire and if my work trammels my efforts, in deed, renders them impossible, then what is the purpose of writing? No, there is no other choice. I must simply stop writing. I know this will come as a shock to you my precious Annuchka, but please try hard to understand and forgive me. Forgive me, not for my decision, but for all those silly, romantic things I said before. It was all a childish game.

Dawn is ascending my window Annuchka (there I go again!), and I can hardly keep my eyes open. Please answer this letter as soon as possible. Send it express. I await it with agonizing impatience.

Love,
Duvy.

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The Bishop Street magician
came around today

pouches filled with acorn cures
for hungry souls stretched on the street.

at first,
disturbed by the blast of his trump
Seven Crows with tie-dyed sleeves
flew into phonebooths dialing mad
Six Wenches cried and raised their skirts to fright the devil
clutched their candles, cross-laid them to try the devil's hand

but one swift gaze from this Cat's eyes
(he knew the devil's ways in town) he blessed
their unmarked foreheads, gently pressed
his kiss of peace

eyes dilating
supershrined the parking lot's cold glow, and stilled
the rush of evening tramps
who pushed ahead to see.

and though
no ballad plucked his name from black tipped hat
and though
no minstrel sang his priase
and though no ache
no scar betrayed this devil's flesh, nevertheless
his arm spelled fire, as midnight mass
was drawn together, one by one.

"a work performed" he cried at last
to hush the rabble's whining mouth

"what foreign tongue"
they shrilled and chirped, "what foreign tongue"
they slung they slung their mud their tar
"what foreign tongue" they yelled and pushed the lame aside
"what foreign tongue" and "kill the stranger" heard the stones
that paved his steps,
he raised his voice again
yet no sound went

In midst
a potted tree had bowed its limbs
"be still" it swished against the crowd, its jewels displayed

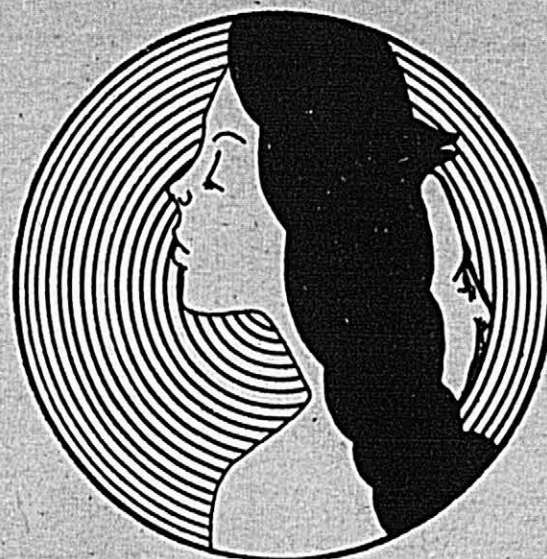
the young magician
framed the scene in shades of green and red
then turned to see the blue moonlight
come resting on his head and shoes, from there it flew
with notes of pipes and rapid wings
in search of untried, maidenheads, the virgins of the night
for one would surely sway this mob
whose head was bent on thrills and blood
but no one stood to save his grace.

now midnight passed.
the tower churned and wound the gears
and tight they drew the drooling mass
black and silver flashed their eyes

the Seven Heads
and Fourteen Hands then round him grew
till up the steps he crawled and lay
so soft and curled in downtown sleet
that all at once the action ceased
and Hendrix wailed
electric woe
while round and round the minstrels go.

The Bishop Street magician
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pouches filled with acorn cures
pouches filled with acorn cures.

tom konyves



DEMOS

by ron blumer

An interview with a girl
recently moved to Montreal

Falling in Love

It's all new and fresh. It's really exciting especially when you've been without for a long while. It's so strong at the beginning, so intense that you really think you dig this person — actually, it's really a sexual thing, but that's the last thing in the world you're going to admit to yourself. A week later you want to puke because everything has worn off. There is no more novelty, you're bored and now there is nowhere for you to go. One year this sort of thing happened to me four times in a row. I was really miserable. Until I straightened my head out, I didn't see what I was doing, I didn't understand it because I kept us this stupid belief in the falling in love bit. I thought it was just a matter of waiting for the right person to come along. This is the big lie. I realize now that you have to make each person the right person — "Mr. Right." Because there is no perfect person and if you spend your life looking for such a person, you are always going to be disappointed.

Falling out of Love

Another trip which I got on for a while was the rejection trip. I used to be attracted to the type of guy who kept rejecting me. I kept hanging on always at the brink of that empty feeling. The only way I understood what was going on was when I was on the other side of the fence, I was fifteen and he was twenty. I wasn't really ready for it. Like he pushed too much on me all at once — especially sexually. It sort of turned my head around and in the end left me cold. He told me how much he really liked me and I got scared. I started thinking, "well maybe I don't like *him* that much." When I started to question how much I liked him, I got a little more frightened and liked him a little less. As I began to reject him because of all this, he turned around and came on stronger and then I really got frightened. Things got progressively worse with him coming on stronger and stronger and me getting colder and colder. Eventually, I had to tell him to fuck off.

Girls and Girls

I can't see myself having another affair. It just seems like such a hassle. So many people think that their life is not complete because they don't have a mate. It's not true. It just makes life so much more complicated. If you have someone in the world that really cares about you — a friend, be it a boy or a girl that should be enough. A lot of people confuse having a heavy relationship with this need to have someone care about you. You really have to be ready for a heavy relationship. What I would like to see among girls is more sisterhood. Women are so cold to each other, they are frightened of each other, they seem to be competing. I think I've reached the point where I would prefer to be friends with a girl than with a boy. I've been with a fair number of boys and now I have a really close girl friend. Now I know this is going to sound funny, but my friendship with any guy has never been as pure as it is with this girl now. She is more like me than a guy is. When we talk, when we do things together it's all clean — it's all totally there. There is never this thing where I start worrying if she loves me as much as I love her — there's nothing like that. With a boy it was always more desperate; it was a question of needs. You would feel that you really need someone so you would pick on the first person that came along. You would try to get together while really the only reason you were latching on to each other was because you were both so lonely. That's what I mean by not pure. With this girl I know now, I don't go through all these weird trips. There's a lot already out of the way. I don't sit back and question where we're at — we just do where we're at — we act where we're at. It happens, you don't have to go through this "I love you" shit. We don't sit around and worry about what happens when we're not together because when we are together, we know it's good.

I've come to a really good space. I know who I am. I know at all times that I'm a woman and I don't make excuses to anyone — I'm not in competition with anyone. I have to get my head together just in terms of me.



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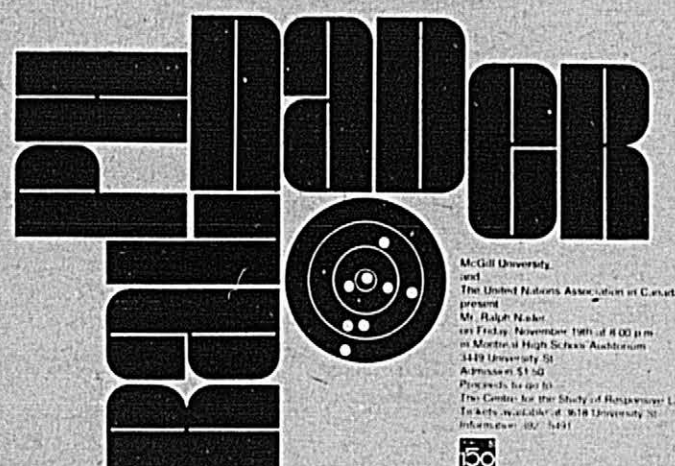
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SYMPOSIUM ON EXACT PHILOSOPHY

Morning session 9:00 - 12:00. Chairman: Nuel D. Belnap, Jr.; Speakers: Hugues Leblanc, Temple University, The notion of truth-functionality; a formal analysis; Bryan Chellas, University of Pennsylvania, Comments; William S. Hatcher, Université Laval, Foundations as a branch of mathematics; Charles Castonguay, University of Ottawa, Comments; Discussion.

Afternoon session 2:00 - 6:00. Chairman: Hector-Neri Castaneda; Speakers: Raimo Tuomela, Helsinki University, Deductive explanation of scientific laws; Tom Settle, University of Guelph, Comments; Peter Kirschenmann, Wayne State University, Randomness; Mario Bunge, McGill University, A program for the semantics of science Discussion.

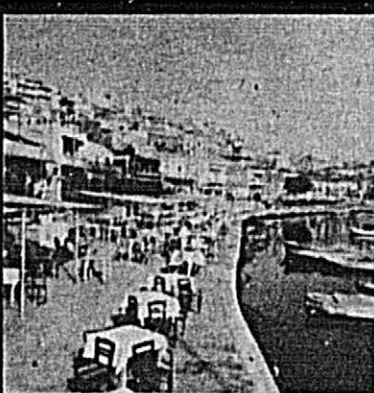
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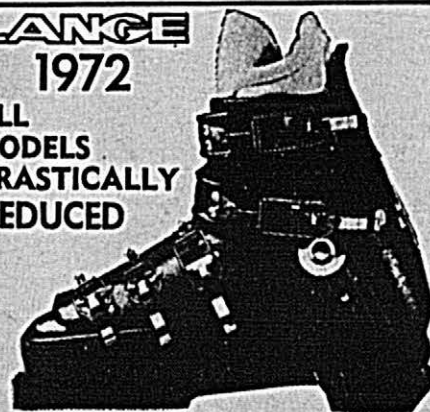
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by gerry sparrow

Women host water wonders

A synchronized swimming spectacular is scheduled for 7:30 pm Saturday at the Currie pool—featuring four McGill champions, two Canadian gold medalists, and best of all, a zero admission fee.

The watershow, however, is only one facet of a three-day synchronized swimming conference which begins today at Currie and RVC pools. Ontario, Quebec and numerous American university clubs are scheduled to participate.

Instead of competing, teams will exchange ideas and receive instruction on the fundamentals and finer points of a challenging sport. Sessions will be held in creative use of movement and accompaniment, make-up and

costume variations, and composition ideas.

The swimmer's skill and ballerina's grace which make "synchro" a unique art will be demonstrated by Jojo Carrier and Mado Ramsay—both gold medalists in the recent Canadian Winter games. In addition, McGill marlinettes Lynn Gibson, Lois Groves, Judy Lynam and Maureen Wood will present the routine which won them the title of "Alternates to the Winter Games."

Synchronized swimming is both creative and rigorous, demanding superior strength and fine co-ordination. For swimming fans, Esther Williams buffs, and general entertainment seekers, Saturday's exhibition of aquatic art and

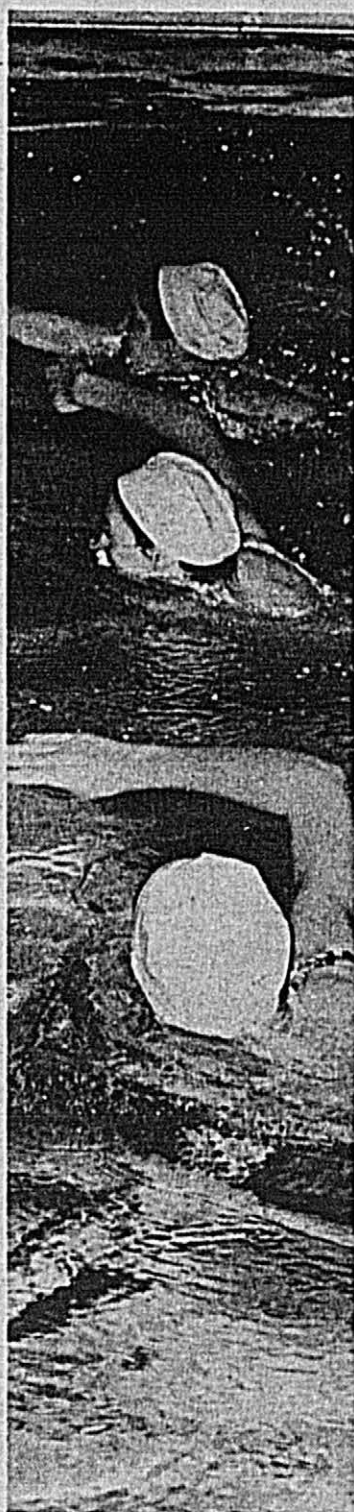
athletic prowess promises to be well worth a trip to the Currie pool.

Back at the gym, ground operations of the W.A.A. are proceeding smoothly. Intercollegiate basketball and volleyball forces are preparing for action this month, and intramural basketball is under way. Many girls have signed up; they are additionally requested to show up, every Tuesday night at 7:30 or 8:30 pm as scheduled.

For the armchair competitor, the W.A.A.'s design-a-mascot contest is your latest ticket to fame and fortune. A small symbol glorifying women's sports is needed for buttons, decals, and sports articles. Designs must be drawn in black, preferably

felt pen, on white paper, and should be submitted to the W.A.A. office in the Currie gym by Nov. 15. Male entries will not be subject to sexual discrimination. Grand prize is five dollars and one free button.

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN: The intercollegiate field hockey team, which staged a grand finale last Saturday in London. After losing two games on Friday, McGill tried harder and pulled 2-0 and 2-1 wins over McMaster and Guelph respectively. Women's intramural soccer, involving 21 games and 87 girls who showed up at 7:30 am just for kicks. Results were status quo with education first, followed dutifully by science, RVC, grads and mighty meds.



daily photo by h. rosenberg

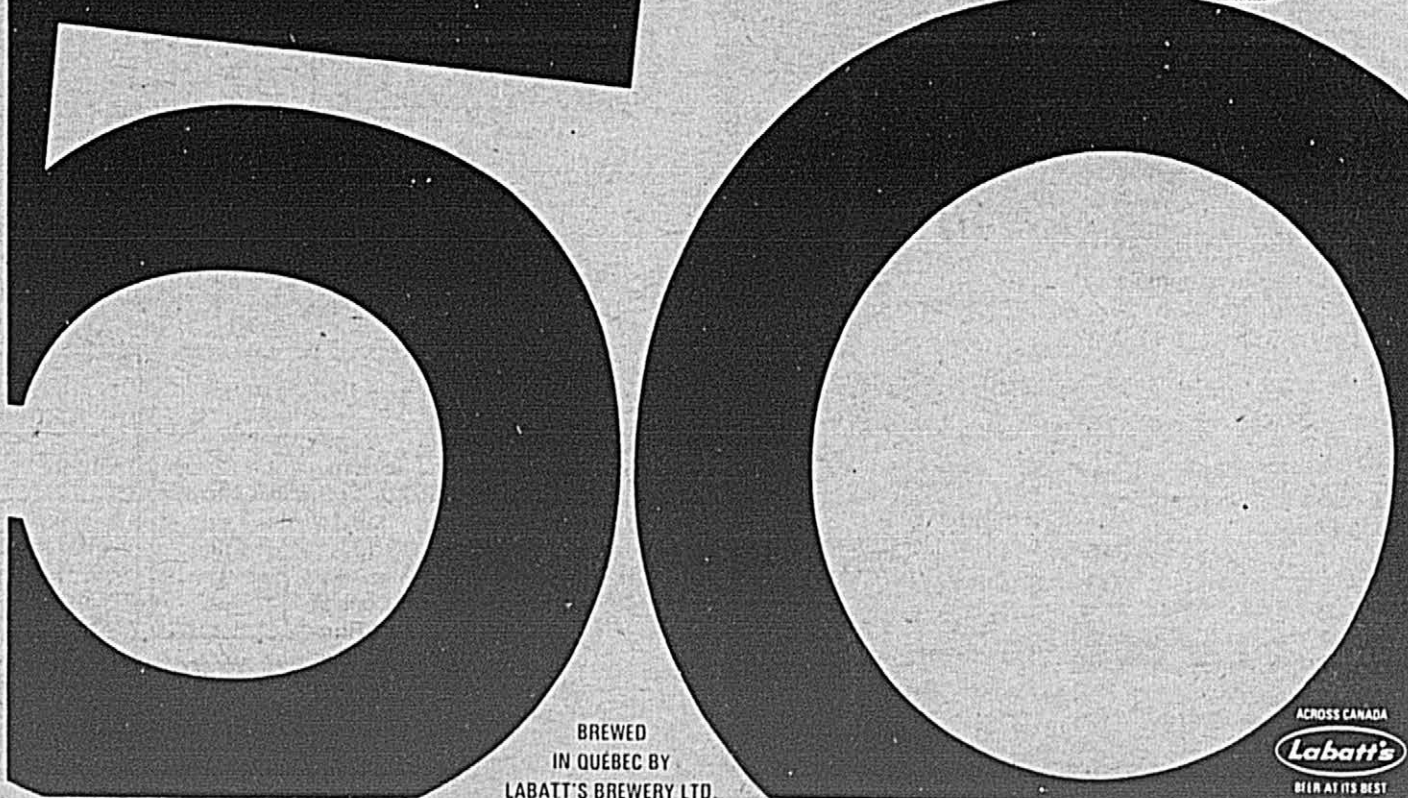
SYNCHRONIZED SWIMMING? McGill women hope to get it together for the watershow tomorrow at 7:30 at the Currie pool.

DON'T LOSE HOPE

The second installment of the series on foreign students will appear early next week and not this week as promised.



Enjoy yourself...
Take five
for 50 ale
Move with the
50 crowd



Intramural playoffs materializing

by don quixote

Tension is mounting amongst football enthusiasts all over campus as the playoffs are in high gear. Today all quarter-final games are being played.

At one o'clock there will be two exciting tilts on which my computer balked at prognostication. The Plumbers will match their skills with the Subpoenas on lower campus, while the Joke Squad encounter the Talbotians at Molson Stadium, which will also be the scene of a two-night double header. MedIIA should defeat the Architects in the 5:15 match, and at 6:15 the Imports are seen to defeat MedIII. The latter is the cinderella team of intramural football and has defied my computer by making the playoffs, and then getting past the first round. This is a rare occasion, though, as my computer boasts a 10-12 record in the playoffs.

In the first round of the football playoffs there were three one-sided matches: Talbotians 20, Flying Circus 0; Joke Squad 23, Les Animaux 0; and Med IIA 22, Nads 0.

The other five games were cliff hangers. The Imports seemed to have their game under complete control but had to stop a last minute rally by



daily photo by harold rosenberg

Spectrum to win the match 13-8.

MedIII could manage only one touchdown, but that was all they needed as they upset the Grads 6-0. Mike Ein scored the lone major.

The Architects came from behind with four plays left in their game with a very determined MedIIB squad to win 15-12. The scrambling of quarterback Peter Naylor was the key to the game.

The Plumbers and the Alesmen squared off in a thrilling match in which the Plumbers were almost destroyed by the short-pass game of their op-

ponents. However, two touchdowns by centre Ken Ostravitch, the first on a 40-yard romp off a lateral, and the second on a short pass, allowed them to squeak by 14-12.

In the most exciting match of the first round the Subpoenas defeated last year's co-champions, the Beaver Shooters, 8-3. The game was completely dominated by the Subpoenas even though most of their drives were stalled by a continual series of penalties.

In the first series of plays the Beaver Shooters marched downfield with Jerry Trager

kicking a field goal. There was no further scoring until Lenny Mandel, the Beaver Shooters quarterback, was caught for a safety with four minutes to play. Then with two minutes left the lawyers blocked a kick and got the ball on the thirty, marching in for the major and an 8-3 win. Leon Maliniak and Jerry Shaesgreen were the heroes of the game.

In the Engineering Flagball semi-finals today on lower campus, the Combines should thrash Mech V at two o'clock, while Mech IV should be disassembled by the Slopers and Dopers (Mining) at three.

Intramural Quickies: The Caribbeans are picked to defeat Metallurgy Grads in the soccer championship game to be held at noon tomorrow. Let's hope that there is none of the pugilistics that marred the semifinals . . . As promised last article here is Quixote's computerized predictions in Floor Hockey: In Section I the 50's will finish first followed by the Grads, the Loopholes (Law), and the Greater Omentums (Medicine). In Section II it will be the Hard Hats followed by the Motors, Gray Hawks, and Pridesmaids. League play begins Wednesday . . . On Monday Ice Hockey will commence, and on that day the prognostications will be revealed . . . Lastly let's check up on the Tennis Tournament which has been going on for some time now. In the first group Mike Funke will meet Peter Diamant in the semifinals, and in the second group one of the quarter-finals will feature Bob Hyslop against Mark Pernino, and the other will have Dhito Hengrassee playing the winner of the match between Turbid Coté and our computer's choice to be the eventual winner, Zolton Rona.

by al bayless

For the delirious skier...

Do you walk around like a cripple the day after your first trip skiing each year? Do you feel like a greased pig because of the inch of Absorbine Jr. that you put on to try and relieve the aching back and leg muscles that torture you every time you move?

Think back to last year. Did you find that first fantastic trip to your favourite mountain an exercise in frustration because your posterior was smashing into terra firma every twenty feet?

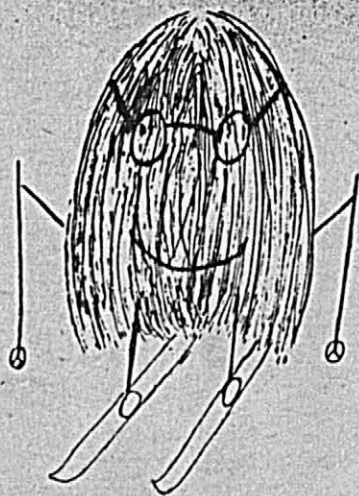
Were you beat at lunchtime and unwilling to go back up the mountain even though you were used to skiing until tow closing time?

If you replied to each question with a frantic "yes", then the "Magic Elixir of Health" is just what you need. This wonderful miracle cure was specially fabricated for skiers and its on sale now at the Currie gym.

Unfortunately, they are re-

ferring to it at the gym by the dull and rather unimaginative name of PRE-SEASON TRAINING. However it is the same product, and is available for only a minimal cost of time and effort.

Your return will be in the form of a better ski season, and lessened chances of becoming a candidate for a down-



hill trip in a Ski Patroler's toboggan, writhing in agony with a hart (ski) in your chest and broken bones sticking through a mashed body. All this is guaranteed or your money back. And believe me, an accident like that could really wreck your season.

The magic elixir consists of methods of training your body to resist such occurrences. Active sports that develop endurance and strengthen muscles, such as soccer, squash, tennis, swimming, etc. are highly recommended.

If you're really a delirious skier, serious training is going on under the auspices of both the Physical education department and McGill's budding men's and women's ski teams.

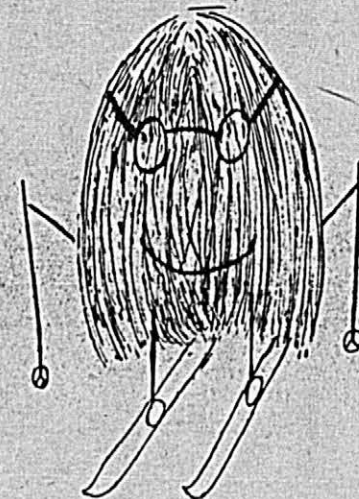
The basic exercises consist of running and stretching. Running stairs is a favorite. There is a huge empty concrete staircase known to the world as Molson's Stadium where you can indulge to your heart's

desire. Run up and down until you can no longer feel your legs (on the north side, unless you're lazy). Twice should do it for beginners.

Then relax on the grass and start stretching those muscles. Toe touching (knee touching for pudgy pessimists), body bends, trunk rotation, rear-end vibration, sexual stimulation, morbid contemplation, anything. Old traditionalists like pushups and situps won't hurt.

If you aren't completely exhausted after that, do some running. There's a perfect footpath leading from just behind the dorms on Mt. Royal all the way to Beaver Lake, and you can even get in slalom practice dodging the scattered piles of manure (the path is also used by Mounted Police and caleches).

Anyway, there can be no doubt that the Magic Elixir works. Try it, and you'll ski longer, quieter, smoother, faster, and safer.



RACER'S EDGÉS: There will definitely be a McGill men's and women's ski racing team competing in the QUAA. It is completely student run and organized, but as yet unsponsored. If you are interested in racing, contact Brian Woods at 937-3334, or Debbie Davis at 931-2312.

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